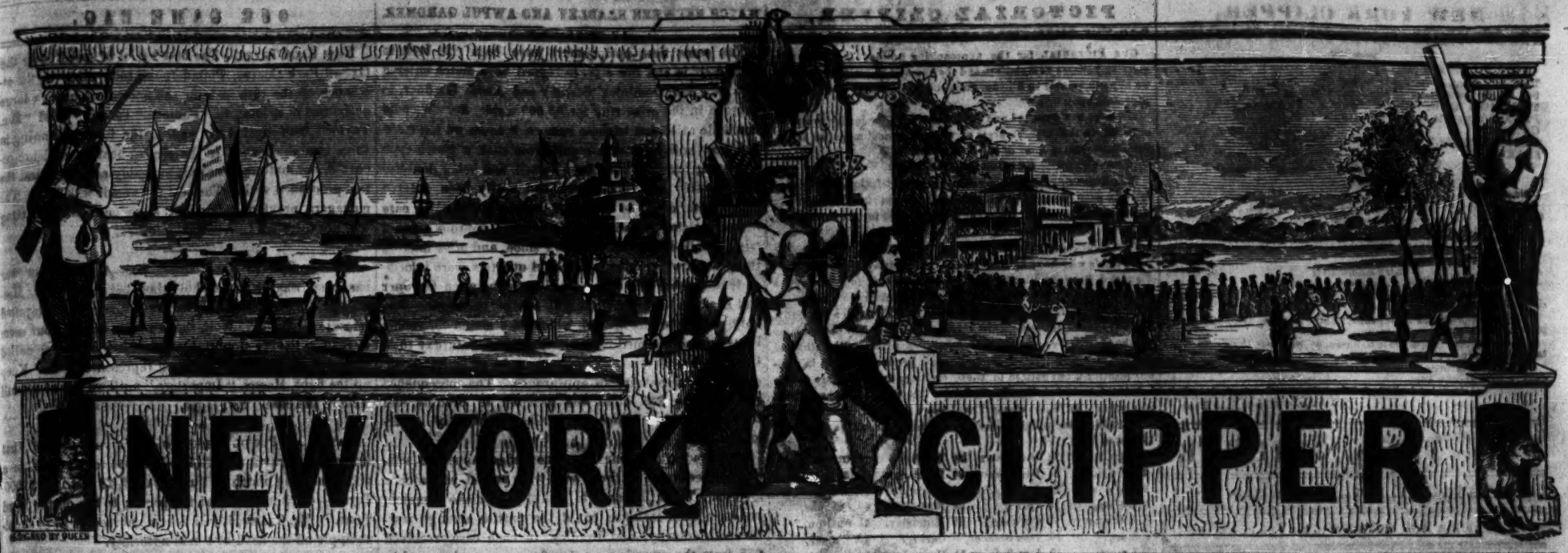
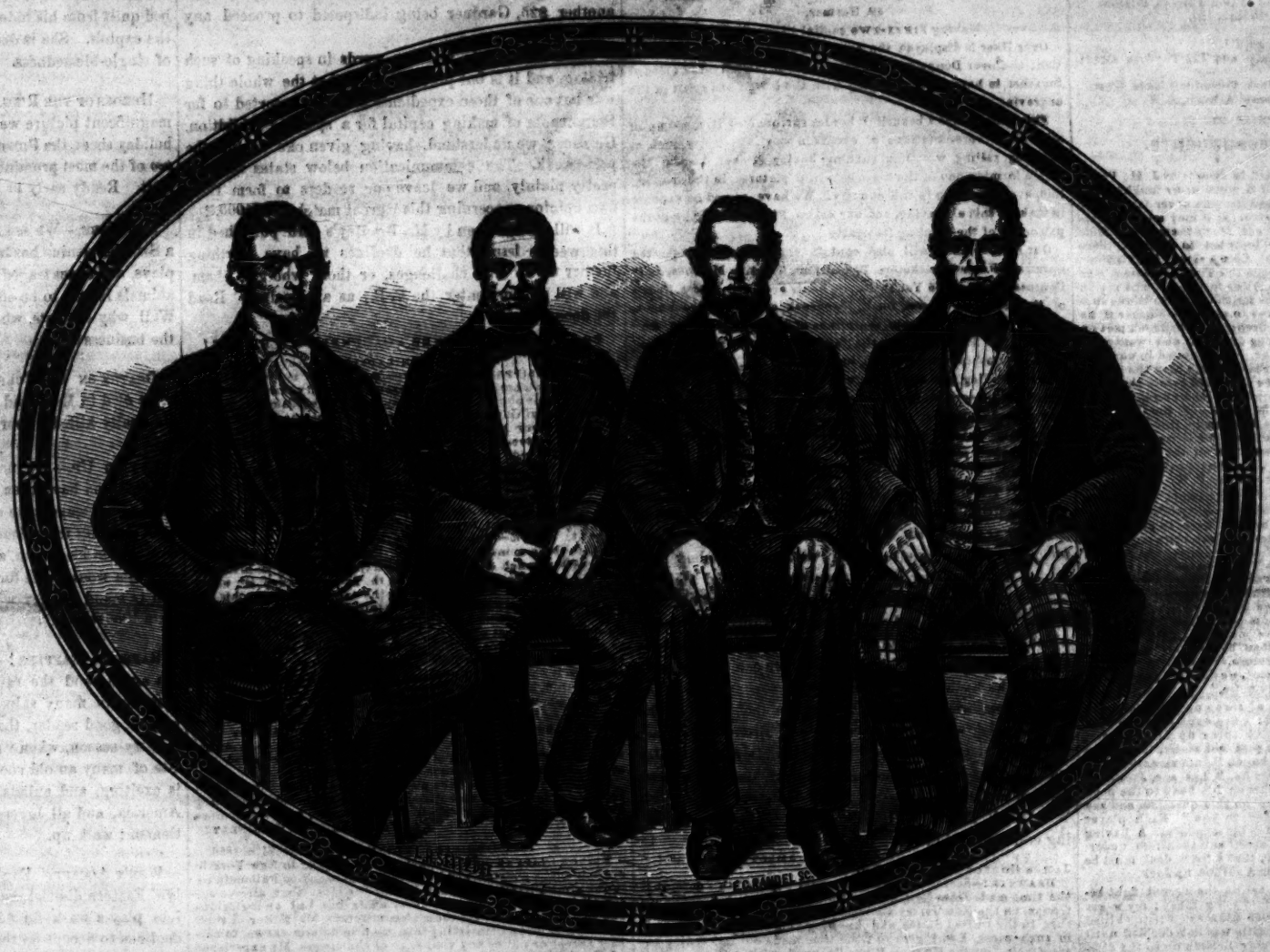


Vol. IV.—No. 32. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856. Four Cents.

CHAMPION OARSMEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The annexed engraving represents the champion oarsmen of the British provinces and, we might as well add, of the United States, for they have defeated some of our best oarsmen, in set matches, and have carried off, as the fruit of their exertions, a goodly number of our American dollars. Their recent match at St. John, N. B., with oarsmen of Indiantown, in which the latter were defeated, will long be remembered by the citizens of those provinces, and our own defeat in September, at Boston, is still fresh in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." The weights herewith given are the weights of the men when in proper condition for rowing.



DENNIS MORRIS, 162 lbs. JOHN LAMBERT, 163 lbs. JOHN MORRIS, 174 lbs. EDWARD WELSH, 161 lbs.

CHAMPION OARSMEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

ON TRAINING THE RACE HORSE.

The following replies were received from Mr. Robson, a celebrated trainer at Newmarket, in answer to the accompanying questions propounded by Sir John Sinclair, Bart. &c., &c.

1. What are the principal objects to be attended to in regard to running horses?

The perfections of a race-horse consist in his wind, which is innate in their breed, and degenerates when mixed or crossed with other horses. It is observed, sometimes, that other species of horses go nearly or quite as fast as the slower kind of race-horse, but they very soon tire for want of wind, whilst the running-horse breed has the peculiar merit, from his wind, of bearing fatigue so much better than any other breed of horses.

2. Do their perfections depend upon parentage; and whether most upon the male or female?

Upon the parentage certainly, and on the female most.

3. Is it necessary that the mare should have gone her full time to bring a perfect foal?

I should think yes.

4. Is the gradual growth of the foal essential?

Certainly. If neglected with corn, they grew lean in their muscles, and want formation, and do not grow gradually.

5. Is there a great difference in regard to natural constitution between horses of the same parentage?

Yes.

6. What kind of form is in general preferred?

Good size, with strength and symmetry of form, is essential to the running horse; but the most essential is active going and good wind. With regard to form, he should be broad, deep, and have great declivity in his shoulders, his quarters long, his thighs let down very low, the hocks stand far behind and from him, thence downwards to the next joint very short, &c., &c.

7. Do you prefer great or small bones?

Great bones, certainly.

8. Which sex is preferable for speed, and which for strength?

There is no preference for speed. The horse has generally the most strength, and bears fatigue better than the other sex.

9. What is the best age for beginning to train horses for the turf?

At two years and a half old.

10. Are they first put on grass?

They are kept in a state of nature from the time of being foaled to the time of being broke, in grass fields; well fed with corn as soon as they will eat it; with hay where grass is scarce.

11. What is the effect of soft meat?

It is cooling, but from its laxative qualities is injurious when horses are in hurrying work.

12. When should they be put on heard meat?

Always, as per answer to 10th question.

13. What are the effects thereof?

Hard meat, with a due proportion of exercise, gives health, agility, and strength to bear fatigue.

14. Is it necessary to purge them frequently?

We purge race-horses two or three times a year, each course perhaps three doses, preparatory to their getting into training exercise.

15. Have the purges any tendency to weaken them?

We use mild physic only, which has no tendency to weaken; on the contrary, it afterwards makes them thrifty and healthful.

16. What food is reckoned the most nourishing?

Oats is the most nourishing provender we give to horses.

17. How often are they fed?

Three times a day, and as much each time as they can eat with appetite.

18. What drinks are given them, and how often?

I recommend soft water at least twice a day.

19. Whether hot or cold?

Always cold, excepting during physic or illness.

20. Is it necessary to keep their skin perfectly clean, and how?

Yes, when in the stable; the friction of rubbing with brush and curry-comb both cleans and braces the skin and muscles.

21. Is it necessary to make them perspire much?

Yes, occasionally; the custom is to sweat once a week or so, by putting a few extra clothes on, to canter gently five or six miles distance, according to their age, and other circumstances. Perspiration promotes health, strength, &c.

22. What exercise is given them?

We take them out to exercise twice a day; a mile or so in a gallop they take before water; afterwards a short or long canter, as circumstances and their constitution require.

23. How is the training completed?

By good keep, with a proper proportion of work to attain wind, condition is attained, and enables horses to bear fatigue.

24. After the training is completed, can the perfections obtained thereby be easily kept up?

For two or three months only.

25. Does the process effect merely a temporary change, or does it last during life?

A temporary change only.

26. Are running horses as long-lived as others; or do they soon wear out?

They live certainly full as long as others; nor do they wear out sooner than other horses; on the contrary, bear fatigue much better than others.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep: she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother only once."

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage: his blue eye distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire flittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I'm a man I'll kill you for that."

There was a coffin and a heap of earth, between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed. * * * * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor boy.

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in the breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul for ever after.

Good Cheer.—In the pine barrens of Michigan, not a thousand miles from Grand Rapids, but four miles away from any other dwelling, is a miserable shanty of log shingles, bearing the following sign:

"This is Uncle Dan Thomases,
Who always keeps his promises;
His vittuals and beer
And other good cheer
Can't be beat about here."

HOW WOLVES CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

Whenever wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in a gang. It is no less curious than amusing, to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard, by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatting on their hind quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward, or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are cut and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are over—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

ARAB, OR DONGOLESE HORSE.

The price of a maiden wife in Behir (Upper Egypt) is a horse. This part of the country has been long celebrated for its breed of horses, which are of the largest Arab, and termed Dongolese from the adjacent and more extensive track of country called Dongola. They excited admiration upwards of 2000 years ago, when the country was over-run by the father of Cyrus the Great, as did the breed of man also. A modern traveller, Mr. English, describes the family of the Malek, or chief, with whom he resided, to be stout and tall—the father seven feet high, his youngest son six feet four inches, still growing, and well proportioned. Our traveller says, "The Malek of Shendi, seeking to obtain peace with Ismael, Pacha of Cairo, sent him a present of two horses. I never in my life saw such noble and beautiful specimens as these two horses were;" he proceeds rapturously to describe them: "They were stallions, eighteen hands high beautifully formed, of high courage, and superb gait. When mounted, they tossed their flowing manes aloft, higher than the heads of their turbaned riders; and a man might place his two fists in their expanded nostrils; they were worthy to have carried Ali and Khaled to the war of God."

MAKING A POODLE USEFUL.

A valuable poodle dog, monetarily considered, but worthless under any other consideration, disappeared from a family of which it was the ornament, rendering its distressed owner inconsolable at its loss. She had her servants out in every direction searching for it, and called upon the police to help her in finding her wooly favorite. Their search was for a long time in vain. At last a policeman found it, and brought it back to its owner, who was delighted to receive her pet in her arms again. She was profuse with her thanks, and asked the officer where he had found the little dear. "Why," said he, "a big nigger, up here a bit, had him, who had tied him to a pole and was washing windows with him." The lady immediately had him washed with cologne to remove the ignomy.

Lovely Woman.—At a late firemen's supper at Burlington, Edward Bradley gave the following toast: "Ladies of '56 like the fireman's bucket, *well hooped*, and, like firemen delighting in the exhibition of their *hose*."

FALLEN ANGELS.

Being through with my labors, I went out a-walking
One sunshiny day in the spring,
And I saw many sights which I thought very shocking,
For they shocked *me* like everything;
But the object which mainly my fancy attracted
Was a neat little damsel in green;
Her face and her form—oh! they set me distracted!—
Sure a fairer one never was seen.

I stepped into Brown's just to get a prescription,
And thus I encountered my fair;
If you'll listen a moment, I'll give a description—
But of falling in love, now, beware:—
Her brow was as pure as the white water lily;
Her cheek was as red as the rose;
The shopkeeper called her, familiarly, Tillie;
But her last name—I wonder who knows?

Her eyes were as black as a pot of black varnish,
And so was her ringletted hair;
What a pity to think how old Tempus will tarnish
Those charms now so passingly fair!
Her head was a study; she wore nothing on it
Save a bunch of red ribbons behind,
Tied up with some flow'rs—but she called *that* a bonnet;
Well maybe it was—never mind.

The hue of her dress, as I told you, was verdant,
And fitted her bust to a charm—
With ribbons and lace just a little o'erburdened,
And rather exposed at the arm;
But then, such a form!—so voluptuous!—so swelling!—
A bosom as white as the snow!—
How far down I saw, there's no use of telling;
But her dress was remarkably low.

As she stepped from the door she advanced to the crossing,
And lifted her skirts as she went,
But the care of her dress was so very engrossing
That she did it with no bad intent;
Such a neat little foot!—such a snowy white stocking,
So nicely confined at the knee;
And——imagine the rest, for, 'tis really shocking!
I wonder'd much who she could be?

I don't know her name, and I don't know her number;
They say she is very genteel;
But with dress, 'twas a shame her fair form to encumber,
For it bothered her brains like the de'il:
She may be an angel, devoid of all evil,
Of heavenly virtue and grace;
But you'd think her, though some might regard it uncivil,
An angel of some *other* place.

—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.*

THE BATHS OF LEUX.

The mode of bathing is entirely unique, and makes an American open his eyes, at first, in unfeigned astonishment. The patient begins by remaining in the bath the short space of *one hour*, and goes on increasing the time till he reaches *eight hours*; four before breakfast and four after dinner. After each bath of four hours' duration, the doctor requires one hour to be passed in bed. This makes in all ten hours per day to the poor patient, leaving him little for anything else. To obviate the tediousness of soaking alone four hours in a private bath, the patients all bathe together. A large shed divided into four compartments, each capable of holding about eighteen persons, constitutes the principal bath house. A slight gallery is built along the partitions dividing the several baths, for visitors to occupy who wish to enjoy the company of their friends, without the inconvenience of lying in the water. This is absolutely necessary, for if eight hours are to be passed in the bath and two in bed, and the person enduring all this is to be left alone in the mean time, the life of an anchorite would be far preferable to it. It is solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with the exception that the cell is a *watery* one. All the bathers, of both sexes and all ages and conditions, are clothed in long woollen mantles with a tippet around their shoulders, and sit on benches ranged round the bath, under water up to their necks. Stroll into this large bathing room awhile after dinner, the first thing that meets your eye is some dozen or fifteen heads bobbing up and down, like bouys, on the surface of the steaming water. There, wagging backward and forward, is the shaven crown of a fat friar. Close beside, the glossy ringlets of a fair maiden; while between, perhaps, is the moustached face of an invalid officer. In another direction, gray hairs are "floating on the tide," and the withered faces of old dames peer "over the flood." But to sit and soak a whole day, even in company, is no slight penalty, and so while away the lazy hours, one is engaged in reading a newspaper which he holds over his head, another in discussing a bit of toast on a floating table; a third, in keeping a withered nosegay, like a water-lily, just above the surface, while it is hard to tell which looks most dolorous, the withered flowers or her face. In one corner two persons are engaged in playing chess; and in another, three or four more, with their chins just out of water, are enjoying a pleasant *tete-a-tete* about the delectability of being under water, seething away at a temperature of nearly 120 deg., eight hours per day. Persons making their daily calls on their friends are entering and leaving the gallery, or leaning over engaged in earnest conversation with those below them. Not much etiquette is observed in leave-taking, for if the patient should attempt a bow he would duck his head under water.—[Headley's Alps and Rhine.

INDIAN MODE OF FISHING.

The bay of Manta, in South America, has probably its name from the great quantity of mantas in those parts; the Indians being chiefly employed in taking those fish, which they salt and carry to the inland provinces. The Europeans cannot help admiring their dexterity in this kind of fishery, which they carry on in the following manner:—They throw into the water a log of wood, such as they use in making a balza, being about five or six yards in length and near a foot in diameter. This log will be sufficient to support the weight intended, which consists of a net lying across one end of it, and the Indian standing in an erect position on the other. On this tottering vessel, assisted by only a single oar, he puts off to sea, about the distance of half a league, where he shoots his net. Another Indian follows him on a similar log, takes hold of the rope fastened to one end of the net, by which means the whole is expanded, and both the Indians move towards the land, where their partners wait to draw their net on shore. In this occupation the dexterity and agility of the Indians, in maintaining an equilibrium on round logs of wood, is truly amazing; for the continual agitation of the sea renders it absolutely necessary for them to be continually changing their position, and making different motions with their bodies; and what still heightens the difficulty is, that the Indian is at the same time obliged to mind both his oar and his net, in drawing it towards the land. They do, indeed, sometimes, though very seldom, slip off their logs; but, being excellent swimmers, they recover their bark, and in an instant place themselves in their former situation.

THE ART OF MANUAL DEFENCE;

OR,

SYSTEM OF BOXING:

PERSPICUOUSLY EXPLAINED

IN A SERIES OF LESSONS,

AND ILLUSTRATED

BY PLATES.

BY A PUPIL BOTH OF HUMPHREYS AND MENDOZA.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN 1799.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

CHAPTER VII.

Of Closing—and Throwing Falls.

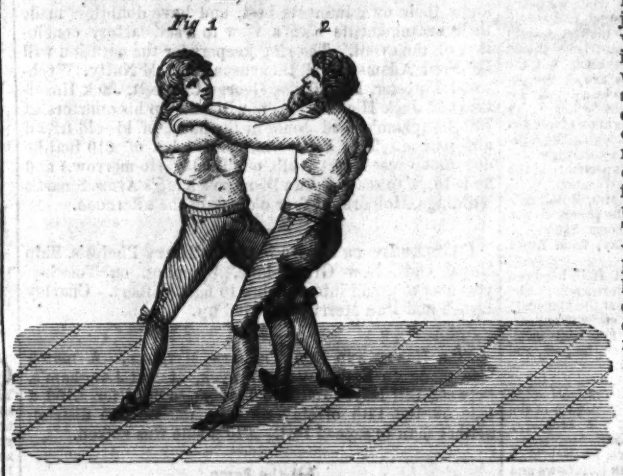
Closing, in order to throw falls, does not properly belong to the art of pugilism, but is an encroachment on the province of wrestling. It depends rather on strength than art, and is practised more by powerful men than good boxers.

In order to avoid closing, the best method is to strike forward, which will keep your adversary at a distance. If, notwithstanding this, he persists to rush on, you may strike a blow and retreat. Bent too eagerly on grasping you to be properly on his guard, he will lie open to a second blow, which you may hit, and then retreat again, &c. Another method by which closing may be avoided is, when you see your adversary's intention, to strike at him, and drop on your knee. By this means you will probably evade the return; but the custom of dropping ought only to be used on very critical occasions, such as when you are almost certain that the man you fight with means to close, or when he is so much stronger than you, that his blows will injure you considerably should you even stop them, or when you are not well enough acquainted with the art to be able to stop them with dexterity, or when you find yourself grow so weak with fighting that it is necessary to save your arms as much as possible.

The common method of throwing, with many of the lower orders of people, is by tripping up. This is a paltry effort, and is often guarded against by striking straightforward. If you are attentive, however, to your adversary's motions, you will commonly perceive that, before he attempts to trip you up, he will look downwards at your feet, in order to make his attempt good, by which means you may discover his intention, strike at him instantly in the face, and thus destroy the effect of his preparation.

Closing and throwing falls, though they depend chiefly on strength, may in some degree be effected by skill, which will always give you the advantage where your adversary is not much stronger and heavier than yourself.

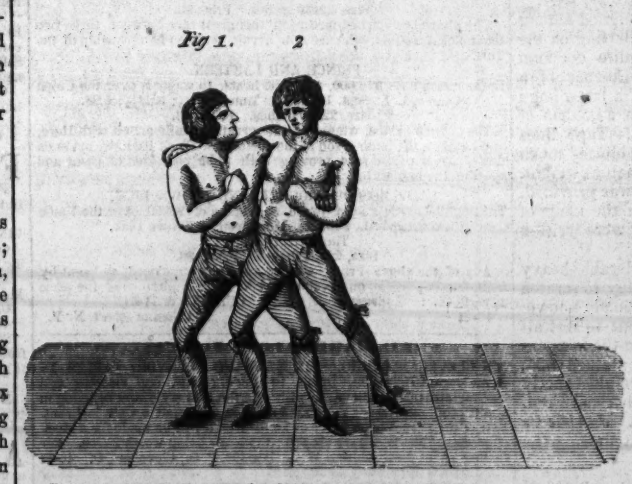
PLATE IX.



[You and your opponent are grappling in order to throw each other a fall. You have your right arm on his left shoulder, your left against his neck, and your left leg behind his right.]

A happy manœuvre in closing may be thus practised. When your adversary's body and yours are almost in contact, before he can grasp hold of you properly, dart your left under his right arm, and bringing it round his back, seize hold with your hand of the inside of his left arm* near the elbow, taking care at the same time to throw your left leg behind him, by which means you pin down his left arm, disable his right one likewise from striking, by its hanging useless over your shoulder, and support his body on your left thigh, while you strike at his face and stomach with your right hand, without his having the power of guarding or making any resistance. If he be somewhat stronger than you, he may indeed struggle a great deal, and in a short time get from you; but lest this should be done, it will be a sufficient advantage for you to strike him two or three blows, and then release him. This manœuvre in closing is attempted to be illustrated by the plate, No. X. If you are a left-handed man it may be practised by darting your right arm through his left, seizing hold with it of his right arm, throwing your right leg behind him, and beating him in front with your left hand.

PLATE X.



[Represents a manœuvre in closing, as recommended in the seventh chapter. With your left arm under your adversary's right, seizing hold of the inside of his left arm, and your left leg thrown behind him, he is supported on your thigh, while your right arm is in the act of striking him. In this plate and the preceding, each figure is drawn naked, and without mufflers, as such manœuvres, however proper in fighting, cannot with safety be practised in sparring. All the other figures are represented with mufflers and sparring jackets.]

When two persons close in fighting, the mutual attempt is to throw each other a fall. In order to do this, while you are both grappling with each other, place your left leg behind his right leg, and in the struggle you may throw him backward upon his head. Should your adversary serve you in this manner, you may make your situation his, and throw him instead of being thrown, by withdrawing your leg from before his, and placing it behind.

The cross-buttock throw is one of the most dangerous falls that can be given. It can only occur when your and your adversary's right sides, in closing, happen to be in contact, in which case you are to take a low hold of the waistband of his breeches with your right hand, and of his right shoulder with your left, and by this means cant him over your right hip, head foremost on the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Explanation of the Technical Terms most frequently used in Boxing.

Advancing may be practised in learning the art, by your friend's retreating and your following him upon guard. Advancing is often necessary in fighting, when your opponent gives way, and suffers himself to be driven. It is done by stepping a pace forward with the leg that is foremost, and then with the hindmost foot, so as never to lose your original position; this you continue repeating if your adversary still gives way. If he gives way but little, your steps may be small; but if his retreat be more rapid, you must be quicker in your advance. Should he however absolutely run from you, you must run after him; for, in that case, it would be foolish to advance according to method. In practising this part of Boxing, if you are not afraid to change your position, you may advance, by standing square; that is, bringing your right foot on a parallel line with your left, instead of keeping it hindmost, then stepping forward in your first position by throwing your left leg forward, then standing square, then entering your first position, and thus continuing to advance as long as may be necessary. This latter method is more in the style of the old Broughtonian school, and I leave it to the reader to determine which is the best. It certainly gains as much, if not more, by the advance of one leg, than the other does by that of both; but it is dangerous should your adversary be a master of the science, lest he should rush in and close with you as you stand square, which situation is extremely liable to the cross-buttock throw.

The Back-Hand Knuckles is a term I have used for the large knuckles of the hand. A blow struck with them on the face generally cuts. It is better to hit with them when an opportunity offers, than with the knuckles in the middle of the fingers, as the last often give way, which is never the case with the back-hand knuckles.

* If his left arm be too much forward for you to be able to grasp it in this manner, you may remedy the inconvenience by seizing hold of its wrist with your right hand, and thus pushing his arm back so as to place it within the reach of your left hand. All this may be accomplished in an instant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TIGER ADVENTURE.

A Brahmin, with wife and only daughter, were making a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred Ganges. With the characteristic indifference of their caste, they had incautiously halted in the midst of the jungle to cook some rice. The little girl, while the mother was occupied in preparing the frugal meal, had thoughtlessly wandered into the long grass in quest of some gaudy insect flitting past: on a sudden, the father, who had thrown himself on the ground to snatch a few moments' repose, was aroused by the screams of his child, and regaining his feet, perceived a full grown cheetah (a species of tiger) in the act of springing upon his tender girl. To see, and rush to her rescue, armed only with a knife, was the work of an instant; he arrived too late to arrest the tiger as he made his rarely missing, and in this case, fatal spring on the beautiful and dark-bosomed maid. A terrible struggle now ensued, the infuriated animal relaxed its grasp of the child and fastened on the father. The tender and loving wife, only now fully awakened to the extent of the danger, forgeting her sex, insensible to aught but her husband's peril, recklessly rushed forward; but e'er she could reach the spot to become a third victim to the insatiate monster, the providential flight of a bullet from my rifle, penetrating the animals brain, stretched him dead at her feet. The brave husband lay extended on the grass in the last agonies of death, dreadfully mangled, the brute having torn away the greater part of his brain and face. The little girl had already expired.

Never can I forget the calmness and apparently stoical indifference of this Indian woman while her husband lay extended before her, gasping his last. She supported his head, gently wiping the blood from his face and lips; no sign of her feelings could be detected in her features. I gazed upon her with astonishment; but no longer was it determined that death had actualy terminated the loved one's sufferings, than she gave way to the most frantic and heart-rending expressions of grief. The anguish of that woman, death alone can obliterate from my memory—words cannot picture it. I see her before me as I write, alternately embracing the lifeless and bloody bodies of her husband and child, lavishing over them the most tender, endearing invocations of affection, then as suddenly turning round and seizing the crimson knife of her heroic husband, plunged it again and again into the body of the insensible animal, uttering all the time the most fearful and violent imprecations of despair and anguish.

It was with the greatest difficulty she could at length be removed from the tragic scene, and confided to the care of some neighboring villagers. I had occasion to revisit the same scenes some few months after, and found the bereaved wife, but, indeed, how changed! I could hardly recognize her. Day and night, I was informed she wandered about, calling on her husband and child. A deep, settled gloom, beyond anything I ever witnessed, was upon her features; her eyes had a wandering, restless expression. She knew me immediately, and talked in the most pathetic strain of her hapless child and husband. Poor creature! I tried to console her but in vain. She said her only wish was, as soon as the moonsoon or rainy season abaited, to prosecute her journey to the Ganges, and die by its sacred stream. I remonstrated with her on this folly, and explained to her the divine truths of Christianity. All I could say made no impression, nor seemed to abate her determination, and time would not permit my stay, nor did I ever chance to traverse the same scenes; but I have no doubt, from my knowledge of Indian character, she subsequently carried her resolution into effect.

A BALL-ROOM.

What a scene of common-place! how hackneyed in novels! how trite in ordinary life! and yet ball-rooms have a character and a sentiment of their own, for all tempers and all ages. Something in the lights—the crowd—the music—conduces to stir up many of the thoughts that belong to fancy and romance. It is a melancholy scene to men after a certain age. It revives many of those lighter and more graceful images connected with the wandering desires of youth, shadows that crossed us, and seemed love, but were not, having much of the grace and charm, but none of the passion and the tragedy of love. So many of our earliest and gentlest recollections are connected with those chalked floors—and that music, painfully gay—and those quiet nooks and corners, where the talk that hovers about the heart and does not touch it, has been held. Apart and unsympathising in that austerer wisdom which comes to us after deep passions have been excited, we see form after form chasing the butterflies, that dazzle us no longer among the flowers that have evermore lost their fragrance.

ANOTHER "POKER" SKETCH.

A friend at our elbow, says an exchange, relates a legal anecdote which is too good to be lost. It is of course located out west, that region so famous for its luminous jurists; and illustrates the ruling passion for poker, even among the western members of the bar. The court is in session, the judges are on the bench, and the case of Smith *vs.* Brown is callid up.

"All ready!" shouts the counsel for the defendent; but the counsel for the plaintiff does not respond.

"Whose for the plaintiff?" inquired the judge somewhat impatiently.

"May it please the court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pillkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over the tavern playing a game of poker. He's got a sucker there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring in a 'cold deck,'" in which case he will deal for himself four aces and his opponent four queens; so your honor will perceive he must 'rake the persimmons.'"

The look of impatience vanished from the face of his honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length he said, with a sigh:

"Dear me, that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time; I am very anxious to get on with these cases."

A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge.

"Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pillkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker about as well as Pillkins. Suppose you go over and play his hand."

A WAGER, BUT NO BET.

Lying is held in all Christian countries to be one of the most degrading of vices—but there is now and then a man who, by constant practice in some particular line of mendacity, becomes so expert as rather to excite the admiration of his acquaintance for his ingenuity and address. Of this stamp is a personage well known to the people about the head of Lake Champlain, and to all travellers who ever had occasion to go over the old stage route from Whitehall to Saratoga. He was for many years the agent for that most execrable line of stages, and had every quality for his office. He was industrious, wide-awake and faithful to the interests of his employers, with no other vice but that of lying—a useful gift on the route—which by high cultivation he had made one of "the fine arts." Every traveller who ever saw him will remember him and his broken promises. It chanced, some three or four years ago, that the conversation which engrossed the tongues of a knot of gentlemen in the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, was about liars. At length a gentleman, from northern New York, said he would wager "the drinks all around" that he could name the most unblushing and ingenious liar in America. "Done!" exclaimed a southerner. "Who do you name?" "I name A. R., stage agent of Whitehall, New York," said the northerner. "The devil you do!" cried the astonished southron—"it's no bet—*you've got my man!*"

BREAKING THE BANKS.

We heard a story told by the cashier of one of our city banks the other day, that will bear repeating, while it may furnish a hint to cashiers in other places, in treating with like troublesome customers. For several weeks, the cashier alluded to had been much troubled, during business hours, by a man (set on, it is thought by other parties,) who would bring in from $5 to $20, more or less, in bills, and demand the specie for them. Several times he received the gold in exchange, but finally, getting wind of the trick, the cashier determined to give the parties concerned in the matter a lesson. Accordingly the next time the man presented himself (with $20 in bills) and made the usual demand for specie—gold—he was desired to wait a few minutes till the cashier was at leisure, and his case would be attended to. Accordingly, drawing forth a bag of specie, the cashier proceeded to redeem his "promises to pay," with the requisite number of *five-cent pieces!* The operation took some time, but was finally accomplished, and the man left, after being duly notified that his next draft would be honored in three-cent pieces. We understand he thinks the Augusta banks must be nearly "broke," *as he has reduced them to five-cent bits!*

SHAVING A BARBER.

A few days since, a stout fellow, with a beard like a shoebrush, went into the barber shop of Mansfield & Button, Exchange street, Rochester, and took a chair for a shave. One of the young men in attendance waited upon him promptly, gave him a close shave, and put him in first-rate order to make a decent appearance in the streets. When the process was complete and the stranger was ready to depart, he made an inspection of his pockets, and found a *cent*, which he handed to the boy in payment for the service he had performed. He was politely informed that the price of shaving was a sixpence. The man replied very cooly, "I know it, and that (pointing to the cent) only lacks five cents of it! You ain't a-going to stand for half a dime?"

There was no appeal from this. All the peoople in the shop, customers included, were convulsed with laughter at the impudence of the fellow; but his gravity was unshaken. He took his hat and departed, calculating, no doubt, that he had driven a good bargain with the barber, and was soon casting about for another chance to save half a dime.

SHAPE OF THE WORLD.

A village school-master announced one day to his scholars, that a visitor was coming soon to examine them.

"If he questions you in geography," remarked the teacher, "he probably will ask you what is the shape and form of the earth, and if you do not remember, you only have to cast your eyes at me, and I will show you my snuff-box to remind you that it is round."

Now the teacher had two snuff-boxes—one round, which he used on Suudays, and the other a square one, which he carried on the secular days of the week. The fatal day came; the visitor, as the master had forseen, asked one of the scholars the form of the earth. He was at first a little embarassed; but looking toward the master who exhibited his snuff-box, he immediately answered without the least hesitation: "Sir, it is round Sundays, and square the rest of the week."

"NOTHING WHEN YOU ARE USED TO IT."

A collector from the city of New York, rather fastidious in his taste about what he ate and drank, happened lately to be on a tour through the Sucker State, and stopping one day at a rather comfortable looking log house, he inquired of a respectable looking elderly lady if he could procure dinner there.

"Well," says she, "I think you may get it easy, if you've got enough to pay for it."

He showed her that the needful was in his possession, and she bade him, "git off his hoss and tote himself into the house." He accordingly did so, and set himself down to await its preparation. Everything was spread out in pretty good style, and he promised himself a perfect rural feast. The hostess brought in a pan of new milk to drink, and commenced dipping it out into bowls with a gourd; as she filled her guest's bowl, she discovered that she had dipped up a small mouse, and taking hold of it affectionately by the tail, she stripped down the milk off of it into his drinking cup, heaved a sympathetic sigh, tossed it through the window, and exclaiming, "poor thing!" set the bowl before the Yorker.

"Why, madam," said he, "you don't think I'm going to drink that?"

"And why not?" inquired the hostess. "Well I declare if you city folks aint too nice to live! our boys, bless you, don't mind 'em no mor'n if they wur mosquitoes!"